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Now there was a bare-breasted figure, with prominent shoulders and head held back, at the very end of the gallery. This was the first thing I saw. Nearer, an apposition of subjects, sacred and profane, somewhat peculiar. Pan and Syrinx—Religion in the Desert—The descent from the Cross—a Tiger Hunt. There was an ale-house—there was a cathedral—there was a bull—there was Louis XIV. Then I read in the catalogue: "Venus and Cupid," "Virgin and Child," "Mars and Venus," "Two Saints." I had predetermined to mark nothing till I had seen all, so went on introducing myself to "Holy Families," "Soldiers gaming," "Friars before crosses," and "Farriers shoeing horses:" likewise to "The Arch of Constantine." Then I sat down. Spite of my determinations, I foresaw the difficulty of selecting from this medley; not owing to its diversity, but something else. I had been warned not to mark those pictures whose subjects I liked best; but such as I preferred for their *treatment* and *execution*. Now I was under orders, and thought about it. "No such difficulty had been anticipated as I walked to the gallery, scrutinizing trees, clouds, and shadows, in order to give an infallible judgment of what most resembled nature. I saw here, at once, that resemblance to nature was not always aimed at by those masters most capable of representing her. Titian's figures, here, in the *sunshine*, with flesh-tints like nature, cast *brown* shadows, which were *blue* all along the Dulwich Road!" I had noticed these blue shadows, on a gravel path, some days before; and my father, who was giving me some instruction in optics, as a preliminary to Perspective—he was a mathematical man—explained the appearance satisfactorily, concluding with this remark: that shadows cast by sunlight were always, more or less, blue, in spite of all reflections. He also showed me how, when portions of light came through a hole, they always get larger, the greater their distance from the hole; and that the light passing through the smallest hole in a cloud, would be much larger than a man, where it reached him on earth: that a cloud, therefore, could not diversify a small object with lights and shadows as a tree might, if near enough. This I knew to be true. It was also true that a figure before me, was painted with its feet upon the ground, and the sun upon them; but no sunshine upon the ground where they stood; yet, there was no object near to account for this. It was clear, therefore, that the object of the great masters was not to imitate nature, or to imitate her only so far as she seconded some other object which they had in view. What this object was, was the question.

I had heard that a good painter would select from nature whatever was most *beautiful*; the thought struck me, and the mystery was clear. My conscience, however, was not clear! I stood schooling myself into an admiration of the best masters, whose names I had heard of, and marking them down in a catalogue, so soon as I found the admiration awakened. I marked nothing but Guido, and Titian, and Rubens, and Rembrandt! I even passed many masters, whom I since know to be famous, and honestly, in one sense, had no grounds whereon to prefer them, the criterion of nature abolished.

I felt self-compromised, notwithstanding, for arriving at the truth by means which my patron had not stipulated for. It was dishonest and a lie. I would own my deficiency—a deficiency I could hardly own to myself—I quibbled. A deficiency I ought with alacrity to supply. I was here to supply it. Good! One hour before the St. John of Guido, with my pencil in my mouth, I *did* admire it, and I ticked him down.

I walked home pondering my conduct. The evening was fair, and shadows fell right across the road. Two or three village children, going home tired, seemed to me ministers of silence; thrushes called out; and I began to conjecture, of the village, if it produced trees with steady branches, silent children, and sentinel birds, to challenge the traveller? For I was in temple-aching excitement, that which comes after the mind has been dispersed; and the sudden reduction of multitudinous nature into simple sunset and shadow, made me strange and violent—a thing trees would wonder at. I got into a lane, I remember, and saw where the sun, it seemed, dropped, at the end of the earth, and broke into loose embers that glowed and burned. Fire lined the hedges, fire pierced the trees, fire was under the hills. It seemed that day I had divorced nature for something I fancied higher, and in the evening found her more awful in unapproached majesty than she had been hitherto. I was confused, wildered, and stood up on the stile, shouting "Grandeur! glory! The sun is broken, and the West on fire!" Then a flight of crows, rising from the hill, swept black across the gold on to the North.

I went home, seriously meditating; for I was a boy, and thought seriously of what now I sometimes laugh at, though not always.

Here follows some remarks of the writer upon the change his ideas underwent after this visit to the gallery of old masters; and he seems to attribute the conscientious scruples and mental perturbation which accompanied the change to his *then* ignorance of (what he *here* calls) the "great fact" that, in order to acquire a sense of the sublime in Art, it is indispensable to study the great masters with becoming reverence: adding much, in effect, the same as Reynolds taught in his Discourses concerning "High Art," selecting from Nature, abstract form, and ideal beauty; concluding with a firm belief in the position, that Fine Art *must*, by some artificial means, impress the senses *at once*, attract the eye, and never repel it.

As it will be interesting to contrast these ideas of the author, or, what he calls, "his first revolution" with others on the subject, jotted at a subsequent period; and as we do not mean to anticipate, it is necessary to note this as a point in the diary to which there will be occasion to refer hereafter.

HAVING made a careful study of some boats and other objects on the beach, which occupied him the greater part of the day, towards evening, when he was preparing to leave, the sun burst out low in the horizon, producing a very beautiful, although totally different effect, on the same objects; and, with his usual enthusiasm, he immediately set to work again, and had sufficient light to preserve the effect. The fishermen seemed deeply to sympathize with him at this unexpected and additional labor, as they called it; and endeavored to console him by saying, "Well, never mind, sir; every business has its troubles."—*Life of Collins.*

SKETCHES OF INDIA.

III.

STREET LIFE AT MADRAS—ST. THOMAS'S MOUNT.

So much of native life is passed out of doors, that the best place for studying the lower classes of Hindoos is the open street. It affords constantly shifting scenes of the most entertaining pantomime, for the common affairs of every-day life are carried on with unconcern before every chance spectator. The love of privacy is the growth of civilization, and the charm of retirement is most felt where social life is most attractive. A cold climate drives the poor to seek the shelter of houses, a hot one drives them out of doors.

There is little of the splendor of the East at Madras, but much of its squalor. The city is flat, and the streets, for the most part, very narrow and dirty. The mud houses of the poorer natives are low, close, and dark, without chimneys or windows. Some of the best of them are whitewashed, or gayly painted over with grotesque, childish figures, of red and yellow gods, green elephants, or blue men. A raised mud seat runs along in front, sheltered by the projecting thatch or tiles of the roof, and at the door is often a charpoy, or low bedstead, on which some one of the inmates of the hut lies lounging or asleep. Here and there is the two-storied dwelling of a black Portuguese or Armenian merchant, with latticed windows and carved verandahs. The walls are covered with stucco, originally white or yellow, now stained and blackened by the rains and sun as if by smoke, or peeling off in great pieces from the brick. Over much of the place there is an oppressive air of decay and neglect. At every turn one is met with a horrid compound of smells; of rancid glee, or clarified butter, of fried cocoanut oil, and of the stench of open and stagnant gutters steaming in the sun. "Ditches, dust, fried oil, curry, and onions, are the best of the Madras smells," said a clever English woman who knew the place well. It is not strange that cholera never leaves the city.

The English all live out of town. I knew but one family of white people who lived in the Black Town, as it is called, and they were American Missionaries, who had settled there that they might be in the very heart of their work. They were kind, homely, self-devoted people. They had been in India for many years. Every morning the father distributed medicines to the poor sick beggars who came to him for aid. Every evening he and his son went into the streets, to preach the gospel to all who would listen. Every day the mother and daughter gave away food, and tried to collect at their house women and children whom they might teach. The low, soft voices, and the eyes of these women full of a tender and serene sadness, told of their self-devotion and of their separation from home. They spoke with interest of America, but as if they had given it up, with all that they had once loved in it, for ever; as if their longings once more to see it had been disciplined into resignation; and as if they looked beyond death, beyond the bitterness of death in a strange land, to the joy of a reunion with the friends from whom they were parted by life. Their work was

hard, for their labor seemed to be scarcely rewarded by the results that they desired. They were casting their bread upon the waters. Would it ever return? Who could say? For twenty-five years had the old man been laboring, and the number of his converts was less than the number of years. Many of the natives would listen, some would question, scarcely one believe. Is it that a creed was preached, and not Christianity? Is the truth from God so slow in reaching the heart? However that may be, these people were offering their lives in the service, and for the sake of what they believed the truth. "Do you have much encouragement in your labors?" I asked. "We are never discouraged," was the quick and admirable reply. As I was bidding them good bye, the old man took my hand, and said to me with a simplicity and earnestness that showed how natural the thought was to his heart. "Remember, young man, wherever you may be, to live always for Christ."

The "Mount Road," leading from Madras to the cantonments at St. Thomas's Mount, some eight miles below the city, on the shore, is the pleasantest and most frequented drive outside the town. At all hours of the day it is filled with native passengers. Coolies bearing heavy burdens on their heads; water-carriers with jars slung at the end of a bainbow, which rests on their shoulders; slow, white-robed men of substance, each followed by a servant bearing an umbrella; beggars, devotees naked and filthy; little boys playing in the dirt and dust, and women carrying their little children on their hips, or following their husbands to their homes. One sees, indeed, in the street only the poorest women, for those belonging to the rich are carefully secluded, and if they go out, go in close palanquins, or strictly veiled. There is no beauty of feature among those who appear unveiled; even the young girls are ugly, and an old native woman, skinny, wrinkled, and bent, is too hideous to look at. But many of the poorer women acquire a beautiful gait, and an upright and elegant carriage, from the habit of bearing jars of water on their heads. Nothing can be more graceful than a group of women gathered around a well as one sees it from a distance. The perfect poise of the jar on the head, the raised arm, the flowing loose dress not cumbering the walk, the sparkle of the silver or gold, or tinsel anklets, the ease of movement in drawing the water, are all beautiful as seen round the wide stone circle of the well, under the protecting shade of a dark overhanging peepul tree, through which the sunlight streams down in broken and waving masses. But the charm is lost as one approaches near enough to see the low expression, the ugliness of premature age, the ring through the nose, the dirt on the garments, and to hear the shrill, harsh voices. Thus, indeed, much of the charm of the East disappears. At a distance it is beautiful; as one approaches the beauty flies.

Many of the women whom we see along the road are collecting the dung of horses and cattle, which, mixed with straw and stubble, is plastered on the outside of the huts to dry in the sun, and then to be used as fuel. Others are cutting the short and stunted grass, and making it into large bundles, for the horses of the English.

Each horse has one of these grasscutters for his servant. An average day's work will supply the horse with enough of this short hay for a day's use,—and for this service the women, who are often the wives of the syces, receive two rupees, or about a dollar a month. These syces, or horse-keepers, as they are sometimes called, also belong one to each horse, and accompany him on the road, running by his side, with a whisk in their hands to keep off the flies; now and then shouting to the natives who are blocking up the track, or in danger of being run over, to get out of the way, and give place to the Sahib who is coming in his carriage or his buggy. They never fail to keep up with the horse, rarely seem tired, and run easily three or four miles without pause. It is a custom to which a stranger is not readily reconciled, and it is not a pleasant sight to see a carriage driving along a hard, dusty road, in the middle of a sunny day, with two tall, turbaned and liveried runners by its side. Life and labor are terribly cheap.

Now and then comes a huge elephant, his vast bulk hidden under a heaped-up load of sugar-cane, or slowly swinging along with his mahout astride on his neck, and a Sahib in the howdah on his back. Under the conical roof of a bandy wagon, gaudy with red and yellow hangings, and drawn by two hump-backed and sleek bullocks, guided by a cord passed through the cartilage of their nostrils, sits a fat old Indian, cross legged, and with eyes half shut. Behind it comes a train of donkeys bearing water skins, while a solitary camel, mounted by a single rider, passes by with a fast, uneasy gait.

The road is in great part bordered with fine trees, peepul and tulip trees, whose bright flowers shine through their dark leaves, and underneath, in their shade, are natives carrying on their various occupations. Here, for instance, is a party of snake-charmers playing upon their pipes, and collecting a few loitering spectators to see the snakes. Under the next tree is a man lying asleep, and here are two or three cooking their food over a small fire, round which they are squatted. Under a spreading banyan tree, whose rooted branches are becoming the strength and glory of their old parent, are a group of men, women and children, and an old man is shaving the head of one of the younger ones, leaving a top-knot on the crown, while a little boy sits by looking on as if engaged in taking a lesson in the art. In the low marshy fields that here and there border the road, are herds of buffaloes, with thin, stiff hair, and covered with dirt from wallowing in the mud, grazing on the coarse, tall grass. The fields are bounded with broken walls of brick, or hedges of prickly pear.

There are many large country houses, some of them surrounded by green compounds, and having a pleasing air of coolness and comfort like happy homes—while others look as if fast going to decay, half ruinous, their compounds overgrown with rank weeds, the chunam of the walls peeling off, and the woodwork falling under the fatal attacks of the white ant. Several of the finest of the garden-houses about Madras belong to the Nabob of the Carnatic, the powerless and pensioned descendant of that Nabob whose name will be remembered as long as Burke's speeches are read.

His houses, for the most part, look as if they shared the ruined fortune of the family.

Some miles down the road, and not directly upon it, stands the old town of St. Thomé, close to the shore, in a little bay. Its native name was Mailapur, or the City of Peacocks, and it received its new designation from the early Portuguese settlers, who found here natives who professed to be Christians, and asserted that they were the descendants of the converts made by St. Thomas, whose memory they still venerated, and the spot of whose martyrdom they still pointed out. The Jesuits at once took possession of the tradition, and of the spiritual interests of these Christians, as well as of the town itself; and the little place, at the present day, presents a curious medley of Roman and braminal priests, Hindoo huts, and Portuguese churches. At some distance beyond the town is what is called St. Thomas's Mount, a rocky eminence that rises abruptly from the plain. On its summit are an ancient Roman Catholic church and convent, with a few huts clustering immediately around them, and a few Christian gravestones, while at the base of the hill stands the modern artillery cantonments, with the fresh and pleasant look that belongs to a well-kept military station; the English flag flying on the staff higher than the waving tops of the coconut trees; rigid Sepoy sentinels keeping guard; drill, parade, and music; English homes, and exiles; the new strangely mingling with the old, tradition with reality, the cross with the sword.

Saint Thomas has not been a favorite with artists, though he was made by the church the patron of architects and builders. But a story told of him in the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine, that precious storehouse of the popular religious stories of the Middle Ages, is one of the most beautiful legends of the church, and has its scene on this far off Indian coast. It is said that, "When Thomas the Apostle was at Cæsarea, our Lord appeared to him and said, 'The king of the Indies, Gondoforus, has sent his provost Abanes to seek for men skilled in the art of architecture: go, for I will send thee to him.' And Thomas said: 'Lord, send me anywhere but to the Indies.' And our Lord said to him: 'Go, for I watch over you, and when thou shalt have converted the Indians, thou shalt come to me to receive the reward of the martyr's crown.' And Thomas said: 'Thou art my Master, I am thy servant, thy will be done.' * * *

And after this Thomas went with Abanes till they came to the king of the Indies, and the king gave to the Apostle the plan of a magnificent palace, and great treasures wherewith to build it. The king went to another province, and the Apostle gave all these treasures to the poor, and constantly employed himself in preaching to them for the space of two years, while the king remained absent, and he converted to the faith an innumerable multitude. And when the king came back and knew what St. Thomas had done, he cast him and Abanes into a horrible dungeon, and was about to flay and burn them. And meanwhile Lud, the brother of the king died, and the king ordered for him a magnificent sepulchre. But on the fourth day the dead man rose, wherewith all were astonished and fled away.

And the dead man said to the king, 'This man whom you mean to flay and burn is the friend of God, and the angels of God serve him. And they have taken me to Paradise, and have shown me a marvellous palace of gold and silver, and precious stones; and when I was in wonder at its beauty they said to me, "This is the palace that Thomas built for thy brother." And when I said, "Would to God that I were the porter at its door," they said to me, "Thy brother is unworthy of it." * * * Then the Apostle was delivered from prison, and the king fell at his feet, and besought for his pardon. * * * And the Apostle said, 'There are in heaven palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world, and they are to be bought with faith and charity. Your riches may go before you to heaven, but they cannot follow you there! At last the time promised by our Lord came, and St. Thomas received his reward.'

In the absence of any knowledge to the contrary, it is well to believe the tradition which consecrates this place as the scene of his latest labors, and his death. The unparalleled associations that belong to the history of the apostles, flood the scene with 'marvellous glory, and make it a place of pilgrimage for the world. These rocks and plains, this sky, and sun, and ocean, were those upon which the eyes of the Apostle rested in their final moment of mortal weariness. The imagination goes back to that last solemn interview between the incredulous Apostle and his Master. Not faithless, but believing, did that Apostle die at the foot of the cross that he had set up here. And in the midst of the densest darkness of superstition the memory of his death shines, and casts its light forward into that still far distant time, when those who have not seen shall believe.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

BY WM. DELL SCOTT.

THAT spring, each whistling afternoon
By the lonely cot I went,
And at the window noted soon
Her white neck downward bent,
And face half hidden by the hair,
So quiet, diligent, and fair.

Oft-times I said,—"I know her not!"—
Yet that way home would go;
Till, when the evenings lengthened out,
And bloomed the May-hedge row,
I met her by the village-well,
Whose waters, maybe, broke the spell:

For, leaning on her pall, she prayed
I'd lift it to her head,
So did I: but 'I'm much afraid

Some awkward drops were shed,
And that I blushed, as face to face
Needs must we stand a little space.

Then, when the sunset mellowed thro'
The ears of rustling grain,
And lattices wide open flew,
And ash-leaves fell like rain—
As well as I—she knew the hour,
At noon or eve, I neared her bower.

And, now that snow o'erlays the thatch,
I pass no more: within
The door she waits. I raise the latch,
And kiss her cheek and chin;
And, if to blush her turn it be,
"Thy very dark—I may not see.

London, Eng.

WHY DID THE TAILORS CHOOSE ST. WILLIAM FOR THEIR PATRON?

"King David's confessor is worth a whole calendar of Williams."

LUTHERAN TAILOR.

Why did the tailors choose St. William for their patron? Ah, *why*? I confess it puzzles me to furnish a reply; and I would not be editor of that pleasant paper, "Notes and Queries," if my official hours were to be passed in furnishing answers to such questions.

I can understand why St. Nicholas is the patron of children. The Saint once came upon a dozen or two in a tub, cut up, pickled, and ready for home consumption or foreign exportation, and he restored them all to life by a wave of his wand—of his hand, I should say, but I was thinking of Harlequin; and thenceforth parents very properly neglected their children, knowing that Nicholas was their commissioned curator.

I can comprehend why "St. John Colombine" is the patron saint of honest workmen. I heard Dr. Manning, the other day, tell his story from that thimble of a pulpit in the Roman Catholic chapel at Brook Green. This John was a journeymen tailor (or of some as honest vocation), given to strong drink and hot wrath. He was one day made insanely furious because his real Colombine, his wife, had not got his dinner ready according to order. The good housewife bethought her for a moment, and thereupon, after turning aside, placed before him, not bread, but higgamy; not a loaf, and a salad, but the "Lives of the Saints." John dipped into the same, devoured chapter after chapter, and fed so largely on the well attested facts, that he lost all appetite for aught besides. He thenceforth so comforted himself that future editors gave him a place in the catalogue of the canonized.

But this will not answer the query, "Why did the tailors choose St. William for their patron?" Indeed, the digression I have made may be taken for proof that I do not know how to answer the question. But let us at least inquire.

First, there was the Savoyard Saint William, who, when an orphan, abandoned the friends who would have protected him; and after wandering barefooted to the shrine of that saint whom English boys unwittingly celebrate by their grotesque, "only once a year," St. James of Compostella, proceeded to the kingdom of Naples, where he withdrew to a desert mountain, and passed his time in contemplating the prospect before him. He lacerated his skin instead of washing it, and he patched his own garments, when he might have earned new ones by honest labor. But he founded a community of monks and friars, and *ergo* he is celebrated by the hagiographers. A contempt for saponaceous applications, and a disregard of upper appearance or under comfort, have decidedly descended to the brotherhood of tailors from William of Monte Vergine.

Secondly, there was William of Champeaux, who founded the Abbey of St. Victor at Paris. This William was a man of large learning and small means; and he was well content to dine daily on a lettuce, a pinch of salt, and a mouthful of bread. The shadows of dinners which form the substance of tailors' repasts, are reflections from the board of William of Champeaux.

Thirdly, there was William of Paris, the familiar friend of St. Louis, King of France. This bishop, next to piety, was famed for his knowledge of politics; and as tailors ever have been renowned for knowing what is going on "in the capitol," and for discussing such goings on with uncommon freedom, I think we may trace this characteristic of the race to the news-loving and loquacious prelate of eight centuries ago.

Fourthly, there was St. William of Maleval,

of sufficiently ignoble birth to have been a tailor; and who did, in his youth and his cups, what modern young tailors frequently offer to do under similar circumstances, namely, enlist. If our useful friends have not imitated the latter example set them by the Saint, we may trace their love of the pot, at least, to the early model they found in their patron of Maleval; and if often they find themselves in the station-house, lying upon no softer bed than the bare ground, they doubtless find the reflection as feathers to their bruised sides, that it was even thus that the founder of the Guelphites lay in a cave of the Evil Valley to which he gave a name (Male Val), and which before was known by no better than the Stable of Rhodes.

Fifthly, there was William of Gelone, Duke of Aquitaine, whom it took St. Bernard twice to convert before he made a Christian of him; and who had such gallant propensities that he might have been one of the couple sung of in the "Bridal of Triermian," where of three personages it is said that—

"There were two who loved their neighbors' wives,
And one who loved his own."

The well-known gallantry of the tailors, therefore, is an heir-loom from William of Aquitaine.

Sixthly, there was William sometime Archbishop of Bourges, who left to the guild of whom we are treating the example which is followed by so many of its members, and which consisted in utterly dispensing with a shirt. He further never added to his costume in winter, nor diminished anything in it in summer; and they who have taken St. William for a patron are known, though not for the same reasons, to be followers of the same fashion.

Then there was, seventhly, St. William of Norwich, whose father, after hesitating whether to bind him apprentice to a tailor or a tanner, had just placed him with the latter when the lad was seized upon by the Jews, and by them tortured and crucified, in derision of Christ. On Easter Day they put the body into a sack, and carried it into Thorpe Wood, where it was afterwards discovered, and buried, with many miraculous incidents to illustrate the funeral; and where was afterwards erected the chapel of St. William in the Wood. Now, at first sight, it would appear difficult to decide as to what the tailors' guild derived from William of Norwich. But it is only at first sight, and to those unaccustomed to follow a trail, and not determined to find what they are looking for. In allusion to what had befallen the body of St. William, or rather in memory of how that body was conveyed away, after life had been expelled from it, the Norwich tailors first adopted that now consecrated phrase of "getting the sack," and which phrase implies a loss of position, to the detriment of the loser.

But I have not done; Williams are as plentiful as blackberries. There is an eighth, the Abbot of Eskille, who no more liked to play sub-prior to a superior than Garrick liked to play an unapplauded Falconbridge to Sheridan's King John. William of Eskille was a great reformer of slothful convents, by whose inmates he was as much detested as an honest and vigilant foreman is by operatives who work by the day. One thing deemed worthy of mention by his biographers consists in the dreary fact that he wore the same shirt for thirty years. At the end of that time he turned it, and then piously blessed the saints for "the comfort of clean linen." I question if even modern tailors have succeeded in attaining to this extent of saintly uncleanness, but I would not be too certain of that fact. As for what they may further have derived from this excellent person, it is well known, that for an abbot to be called an *Abbot d'Eskille* was the highest possible compliment that could be paid him; and so the phrase fell to other *camaraderies*, and a Tail-